

## THE LADY'S

OR,

## WEEKLY



## MISCELLANY;

THE

## VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XI.]

Saturday, October 13th,....1810.

[NO. 25.]

AMELIA :  
OR THE FAITHLESS BRITON,  
*founded upon facts.*

*(Continued.)*

At that instant, a noise on the stairs attracted her attention. 'It must be so! nay, I will see her'—arrested the dreadful potion in its passage to her lips. "It is my Amelia!" exclaimed Horatio, as he hastily entered the room.

Amelia started, and looked for some moments intently on her father, then rushed into his arms, and anxiously concealed the shame and agony of her countenance, in that bosom, from which alone she now dreaded a reproach, or hoped for consolation. He, too, beheld with horror the scene that was presented to his view; he pressed his deluded, miserable daughter, to his heart, while a stream of tears ran freely down his cheeks; till, at length, his imagination, infected with the objects that surrounded him, conceived the dreadful purpose of the draught, which had fallen from Amelia's hand, and anticipated a sorrow even beyond the extremity of his present feelings. When, however, he collected sufficient courage to resolve his fears, and it was ascertained,

that the meditated act had not been perpetrated, a momentary sensation of joy illuminated his mind, like the transient appearance of the moon, amidst the gloomy horrors of a midnight storm.

When the first impressions of this mournful interview had passed away. Horatio spoke comfort to his daughter. 'Come, my child, the hand of Heaven, that afflicted us with worldly cares, has been stretched out to guard you from everlasting wretchedness: that Providence which proves how vain are the pursuits of this life, has bestowed upon us the means of seeking the permanent happiness of that which is to come. Cheer up, my Amelia! The errors of our conduct may expose us to the scandal of the world, but it is guilt alone which can violate the inward tranquility of the mind.' He then took her hand, and attempted to lead her to the door. 'Let us withdraw from this melancholy scene my love!' 'Look there!' said Amelia, pointing to the corpse, 'look there!' 'Ah!' said Horatio, in a faltering accent, 'but it is the will of Heaven!' 'Then it is right,' cried Amelia, 'give the poor victim a little earth,

sir ! is it not sad to think of ?— and I am satisfied.' She now consented to quit the room, and was conveyed in a carriage to the inn, at which Horatio (who immediately returned to superintend the internment of the child) had stopped on his arrival.

It is now proper to inform the reader, that after Amelia had left the Cottage, and the alarm of her elopement had spread around the neighbourhood, the Farmer hastened to communicate to Horatio the transactions which he had witnessed, and the suspicions which his wife had conceived of Amelia's situation. The wretched father sickened at the tale.— But it was the sentiment of some passion, and not of resentment, that oppressed his soul. There are men, indeed, so abject in their subjection to the opinion of the world, that they can sacrifice natural affection to artificial pride, and doom to perpetual infamy and wretchedness, a child, who might be reclaimed from error by parental admonition, or raised from despair by the fostering hand of friendship. Horatio, however, entertained a different sense ; he regarded not the weakness of human virtue as an object of accusation, but liberally distinguished between the crimes and the errors of mankind ; and, when he could not alleviate the afflicted, or correct the vicious, he continued to lament, but he forebore to reprobate. ' My poor Amelia ! How

basely has her innocence been betrayed ! But I must follow her ; may be, her injuries have distracted her, and she has fled, she knows not whither ! Come ! Not a moment shall be lost ; I will overtake my child, wherever her sorrows may lead her ; for, if I cannot procure redress for her wrongs I will, at least, administer comfort to her miseries.' Such was the language of Horatio, as soon as he could exercise the power of utterance. A few days enabled him to arrange his affairs, and having learned the route which Amelia had taken, he embarked in the first vessel for England. The peculiar object of his voyage, and the nature of his misfortunes, determined him to conceal himself from the knowledge of his friends and correspondents ; and a lucky chance discovered the wretched abode of his Amelia, the very instant of his arrival in London.

' Can you tell me, my good host where Doliscus, the lord -----, resides ?' ' Marry, that I can,' replied the landlord ; ' his porter is just now talking with my wife ; and if you will step into the next room, perhaps he will shew you the way to the house,' Horatio advanced towards the room door, and, upon looking through a glass pannel in the door, he beheld the identical servant that had attended Doliscus at the cottage, in eager conversation with the hostess,— He paused. ' She is delivered ; but the child is dead ;' said the

Servant. Horatio started, his imagination eagerly interpreted these words to have been spoken of Amelia, and he could scarcely restrain the anguish of his feelings from loud exclamation and complaint. 'My lord's conscience grows unusually troublesome,' continued the servant; 'he has ordered me again to enquire after her health, and to provide for the funeral of the child; would she were safe in America! for to be sure, her father is the best old man that ever lived?' 'It is well!' cried Horatio. 'Did you call sir?' said the hostess, opening the door. The servant took this opportunity of withdrawing and Horatio silently followed him, at a distance, till he arrived at the habitation of Amelia, in the critical moment which enabled him to save the life he had given, and to rescue his deluded daughter from the desperate sin of suicide.

When Horatio returned to the inn, after discharging the last solemn duties to the departed infant, the landlord presented a letter to him, which a servant had just left at the bar, and asked if he was the person to whom it was addressed. As soon as Horatio had cast his eye upon the superscription, he exclaimed, 'What mystery is this? a letter left for my son Honorius at an inn in London.' He eagerly seized the paper, and retiring into an adjoining chamber, he perused its contents with increased amazement and agitation.

'SIR,

'I am sensible that the injuries of which you complain, will neither admit of denial or expiation.-- Your note was delivered; a few minutes after, some circumstances had been communicated to me respecting the unhappy Amelia, that awakened a sentiment of remorse, and prepared me for a ready compliance with your summons. Tomorrow morning, at five o'clock, I shall attend at the place which you have appointed.

*Doliscus.'*

The voice of Honorius, enquiring for the letter, roused Horatio from the reverie into which its contents had plunged him.-- The honor of his son, the villainy of his antagonist, and Amelia's sufferings, contending with the feelings of the father, and the forbearance of the christian, at last prevailed with him to suffer the hostile interview to which Doliscus had thus consented. When therefore, Honorius entered the room, and the natural expressions of tenderness and surprise were mutually exchanged, they freely discoursed of the lamentable history of Amelia, and warmly execrated that treachery which had accomplished the ruin of her peace and fame. Nor had Doliscus confined his baseness to this object. The chance of war had thrown Honorius into his power shortly after his departure from the cottage, and discovering



his fidelity to Amelia, the persevering hypocrite artfully insinuated to the commander in-chief, that Honorious meditated an escape, and obtained an order for his imprisonment on board a frigate, which sailing suddenly for England, he was lodged upon his arrival, in the common gaol, appropriated for the confinement of American prisoners. Here it was, however, that he acquired the information of Amelia's elopement, and heard the cause to which it was imputed, from the captured master of an American vessel, who had formerly been employed in the service of Horatio, and had received the communication from the lips of his ancient patron, in the first moments of his grief. The fate which had unexpectedly led him to Britain, Honorious now regarded as the minister of his revenge. He frowned away the tears which started at the recital of his sister's wrongs, as if ashamed to pity till he had redressed them; and feeling, upon this occasion, an additional motive for soliciting his freedom, he employed the interest of Horatio's name, which notwithstanding the political feuds that prevailed, was sufficient, at length, to procure his discharge upon parole. Having easily learned the abode of Doliscus, he immediately addressed that note to him which produced the answer delivered to Horatio.

(To be concluded next week.)

# MISCELLANEOUS.

## EXTRACT

From *Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women*.

Text——*I will, that women adorn themselves with sobriety.* 1 Tim. ii. 19

The ornament of Sobriety which comes next to be considered, is by no means a cheap one. But though it be purchased with difficulty, it is lost with ease. To preserve it will require the unremitted exercise of prudence, vigilance and severe circumspection; Or, to speak more properly, these are parts of this quality, which in effect is of a mixed and comprehensive nature. To describe it at large, is not my design. The attempt would lead into a discussion much too dry and uninteresting. If possible, I would engage your attention to truth, and your hearts to goodness, in a different way: by sentiment, persuasion, and the native influence of fraternal counsel. Come, then, my sisters, and hearken to a brother, while he endeavours to show you on one side those things which you ought principally to shun, in order to the maintaining of your sobriety; and to point out on the other that positive discipline, which must co-operate for this purpose. At present we can only undertake the former of these points. But, before we proceed to that, let me desire you to take notice with what propriety the apostle's ideas seem to rise one above another. He be-

gins with that which is most directly obvious, and the very first precaution to be observed, modesty of Apparel. Then he mentions shamefacedness; which, though sometimes less apparent, yet one observing cannot fail of recommending itself to every eye, and without which decency of garb is merely affectation. Shamefacedness, as he has marked it, appears like a kind of finer covering, the virgin veil of chastity, to be thrown over all the rest. But that it may be a veil in the best sense, a holy veil, and no mask, he subjoins sobriety, as the more inward habit (so to speak) which must support and give value to the whole; or, drop the metaphor, as that eternal and prevailing character, by which every part of a woman's dress and demeanor must ever be regulated. Now to cultivate this character, it is of infinite consequence.

In the first place, to avoid dangerous connexions. If that be not done, what is there on earth, or in heaven, that can save you? Of miraculous interposition I think not at present. She can have no right to expect it, who throws herself into the broad way of temptation. What those dangerous connexions are, it may not be always easy to explain, when it becomes a question in a real life. Unhappily for young women, it is a question sometimes of very nice decision. Cases there are, in which nothing can be clearer. The man

that behaves with open rudeness; the man that avowedly laughs at virtue; the man that impudently pleads for vice; such a man is to be shunned like a rattle-sneke.— In this case, 'the woman that deliberates is lost. What! would you parley with the destroyer, when he gives you warning? Then you are not ensnared; you knowingly and wilfully expose yourselves. If you be poisoned, if you be lost; your folly is without excuse, and your destruction without alleviation.

But in this manner none will proceed, except wretches alike licentious and imprudent. Of artful men the approaches will be silent and slow, all will be soft insinuation. Or else they will put on a blunt face of seeming good humour, the appearance of honest frankness, drawing you to every scene of dissipation, with a kind of obliging violence, should violence of any kind be necessary.— If they be also agreeable in their persons, or lively in their conversation; above all, if they wear the air of gentlemen, which unfortunately for your sex, is too often the case; then indeed your danger is extreme. Thus far, the trap is concealed. You apprehend nothing; your unsuspecting hearts begin to slide. They are gone before you are aware. The men I am speaking of perceive their advantage the moment it appears. I have supposed them destitute of worth. If they be also uncheck-

ed by fear, what can preserve you? A sense of reputation? the dread of ruin? Perhaps they may; but perhaps not. They have often, no doubt, come in to prevent the last excess. And, but for such restraints, what would become of many a woman who is not under that best one, religious principle? The experiment, however, you will own, is hazardous. Multitudes have trusted to it, and been undone.

But do these, who, in the world's sense, are not undone, escape, think ye, unhurt; unhurt in their health and spirits; in their serenity and self enjoyment; in their sobriety of mind, and habits of self controul? You cannot think it. Very seldom, at least, can you suppose, that, where there is much sensibility of temper, an ill placed passion shall not leave behind it, in a youthful breast, great disorder, and deep disquietude.

But how, you will ask, is the snare to be eluded, hidden, as it frequently is? Not so hidden, throughout, as to be invisible, unless you will shut your eyes. Is it not your business to enquire into the character of the man that professes an attachment? Or is character nothing? Is there no essential difference between a man of decency and honor, or who has all along passed for such, and a man who is known to lead an irregular life, or who is suspected, however, to be the smiling foe of female

virtue? May you not learn, if you please, with whom the person in question associates? Or is a man's choice of company nothing? If not resolved to be blind, you may surely discover whether such a person proceeds by little and little to take off the visor, and appear what he is, by loose sentiments, indecent advances, and ambiguous style, an alarming assurance, 'foolish talking and jesting, which is not convenient.' I blush for numbers of your sex, who not only express no displeasure at these things, but, by a loud laugh, or childish titter, or foolish simper, or some other indication of a light mind, show real satisfaction, perhaps high complacence.

Another thing, no less abominable, I cannot forbear to mention.—How common is it to see young ladies, who pass for women of reputation, admitting into their company in public places, and with visible tokens of civility and pleasure, men whom, the moment before, they saw herding with creatures of infamous name! Gracious God! what a defiance to the laws of piety, prudence, charity, decorum! What an insult, in effect, to every man and woman of virtue in the world! What a palpable encouragement to vice and dishonour! What a desperate attempt to pull down, in appearance, and with their own hands, the only partition that divides them from the most profligate of their sex.



Between the bold and the abandoned woman there may still remain, notwithstanding such behaviour, a distinction in the world's eye, but we scruple not to declare, that religion, purity and delicacy, make none.

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### THE MONITOR.

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#### THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

By DR. KNOX.

From the eternal fountain of light, both natural and spiritual, there streams a sight, which lighteth every one that cometh into the world. Whoever loves that which is good, and just and true, and desires to act a virtuous part in his place allotted to him in this world, whether high or low, may be assured of the blessing of Heaven, displaying itself, not, perhaps, in worldly riches or honours, but in something infinitely more valuable—a *secret influence* upon his heart and understanding, to direct his conduct, to improve his nature, and to lead him, though in the lowly vale, yet along the path of peace.

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#### THE COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

When the fury of the storm increases to its utmost height, when the thunder rolls over the heads of affrighted mortals, and when the

earth trembles to the very poles the virtuous mind is not assailed by fears, or even doubts, for storms are to it but as zephyrs, or, if possible, more gentle gales—and when the labouring breath is obstructed by disease, when the heart sickens, and death is in each gale, even in that awful moment, religion shall sustain the just—it shall grace their last moments, nor will it desert them in the grave.

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Those who affirm that labour is the only path to glory, are almost left alone within their schools.

We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end of them.

It is the delight and charm of literature, that it affords us a refuge from the tumults and contentions of active life.

Montesquieu says that he never knew a sorrow which an hour's reading would not assuage.

Show us the country where it depends on the eloquence of a Demosthenes to determine whether to march or not against Philip—and the man will in due time appear, who, like him, will make the chains of the tyrant resound in the ears of his countrymen, till they like the Athenians, involuntarily start up to oppose him.

Nature herself has furnished us with many allurements, which overpower virtue, & render us asleep.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

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# SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

## No. I.

*Take then O world ! thy much indebted  
tear.*

*How sad a sight is human happiness  
To those whose thought can peirce beyond  
an hour !*

Young.

WHEN I look back upon my past life, and reflect upon the many days that have been spent in the most supine idleness, which might otherwise have been devoted to the acquirement of some useful science, and of that knowledge, which has for its aim, the teaching of men the 'better how to live ;' and, that those hours are irretrievably swallowed up in the boundless ocean of eternity ; my mind is harrowed up with the keenest poignancy of self reproach, and sickens at the gloominess of retrospection. When I look back to the nights of debauch—the hours of dissipation, and the scenes of vice which I have passed over, to the impairment of my health, and the subvertment of those reflections which must ever arise in the bosom of him who is conscious of nothing but a well spent life ; the compunctions of that internal monitor of my soul is ever on the alert to invent the most excruciating torments, and pours them with a merciless fury upon a head conscious of its guilt. The mid-

night revel, the splendid ball, the facinating charms of music, and, 'thou too beauty,' calculated to arouse the too vivid passions of youth to the highest pitch of inordinancy : these could once quicken the now languid fluid and set every desire in a blaze. But where are their charms and their facinations now ? They are vanished and fled forever ! The sweetest harmony no longer soothes, and the most perfect form of 'nature's mould' engenders in this broken bosom, nought but pity. Where are the companions of my dissipation and revel, they who once basked in the warmest sunshine of prosperity, unmindful of the passing day ; and who at the cheering festival could ever set 'the table in a roar.' Alas ! some now lie in the cold embrace of death : and those who remain, like spectres haunt up my imagination and fill it with the sharpest daggers ! But ah, the measure of retrospection is not yet filled up. Its gall and bitterness flows yet faster ; and can I blasphemously ask for a retrenchment when I think of thee Evelina. Methinks I now see thee enter the gay and thoughtless Assembly. Methinks I again hear the whisper of admiration, and as light as fancy, see thee lead down the airy Cotillion. With serpentine eye I watched thy light 'fantastic movement' and the grace of motion. How did my soul thrill with the most extatic impulse, when thy hand came in contact with mine ! Beauteous Eve-



lina, your angelic face then glowed with the strongest liniments of health and innocence; but my mechanisms found too easy an avenue to an heart inexperienced in wily guile. Thou wast a flower just opening thy various sweets to the morning sun—I like the deathly night-shade entwined thee, and thou sunk polluted to the ground. A father and tender mother fell with thee! Yes, their grey hairs could not brook thy disgrace—they are now happy! But thou—oh soon may thy head too be senseless to the pelting of the storms of life. Am I not then a murderer and a villain? Oh memory! memory!—

Thus spoke the once gay and libertine Lothario, whilst large drops of tears rolled down his cheeks, and thick and clammy sweat bedew'd his manly face.—Lothario, you are yet young—you have conquered yourself: and, in doing this, you have done more than *him* who is known by the universal name of GREAT. The time that you have sacrificed at the shrine of dissipation, can be retrieved. I nightly see the midnight vigil, glimmering in your chamber—Industry will recall the hours that have flown; and, although reflection upon the past may, for a season, harrow up your soul, a consciousness of Contrition, will pour a sweetning balm into your bleeding bosom.

G.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

....  
VARIETY.  
....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.  
.....

*"Care to our Coffin, adds a Nail, no doubt:  
But ev'ry Grin, so merry, draws one out."*

—  
A knavish attorney, asking a very worthy gentleman what was honesty. 'What is that to you? meddle with those things that concern you.'

—  
The late duke of Norfolk was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade night, he asked Foote, what new character he should go in. 'Go sober!' said Foote.

—  
*Good Company: A Persian Fable.*

'Are you amber?' said a sage to a clod of earth, which he had taken into his hands. 'I am a vile piece of common earth,' replied the clod, 'but I have been a long while in company with the rose.'

—  
When Milton was blind, he had married a shrew. The duke of Buckingham called her a rose. 'I am no judge of colours,' replied Milton, 'and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily.'

The tediousness and expense of lawsuits are the *price* of Liberty.

*From a New-Hampshire paper.*

When Liberty Poles were in fashion, the following lines were inscribed on one in a certain town :

'True Liberty we all do prize,  
For which our fathers lost their  
lives ;  
All Popish plots we do defy,  
And will oppose them if we die.'

But being criticised upon as ungrammatical by a young gentleman of a *poetic turn*, which gave offence to the good people, who ordered him to compose something that would bear the test, or they would inflict upon him a Tory punishment ; upon which he wrote the following, and read them ; the people were so pleased, that they inscribed them in the room of the before mentioned :

Ye yanking lads of our town, ye  
Are brave fellows all, I vowne.  
See your great banging freedom pole,  
It is a gent one, 'tis by jole ;  
And when we look on 'pon this tree,  
We all must dreadful mindful be,  
That we must fight for liberty,  
And vum we'll find it if we died.  
Our fathers come from 'way out yonder,  
And 'cross the swish swash seas did  
wander,  
Until they 'rived at Plymouth shore,  
Which we will 'fend for ever more.

The following anecdote lately occurred at Boston. A lady having cut an advertisement out of a newspaper with an intention to send it to the printer for further information, pinned it upon her gown. A gentleman (to whom she was partial) observing that it began with 'To Let,' asked *at what price madam ?* She looked at the piece, and perceiving his drift, answered *at the price of your hand sir.*

The busy man, says the *Turks*, is troubled with one devil ; but the idle man is tormented with a thousand.

*Reality of Witches.* An old woman, Jane Wenham by name, was tried for witchcraft at the Hartford assizes in England, in year 1712. The judge who presided at the trial, wishing to save her life, told the jury that some *young* women unquestionably possessed the powers of witchcraft, but he believed they always lost those magical powers when they grew old.

#### *Reflection.*

What a delicious balm is diffused over the whole frame, when the candle is extinguished, and the head rests quietly on the pil-

ow ! If, on a strict scrutiny of the soul, we cannot discover any thing which could offend our fellow creatures, then sleep is almost a celestial reverie.

It is never so delicious or so tranquil, as after a day on which we have performed some good act, or when we are conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

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### LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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NEW-YORK, October 13, 1810.

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*The City Inspector reports the death of 33 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.*

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### FIRE.

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On Thursday evening last, at half past 9 o'clock, a fire broke out in a Pottery on the premises of Mr. Joshua Sands, at Brooklyn, and raged for an hour and an half with almost unconquerable fury, consuming in its course seven buildings, chiefly stores, and a shed, with the most of their contents.—The buildings were the property of Mr. Sands, and the goods, principally cotton and hides, owned in New-York and stored in them.—The whole damage is estimated at 30,000 dollars. The floating engine from this city, arrived in season to be of essential service in finally terminating the ravages of the destructive element.

The person that accompanied Baron de Kolli in Quiberoon, to rescue Ferdinand VII. is returned in the *Inplacable*. It is strange that nothing further has ever appeared in the French papers relative to the fate of de Kolli. The above gentleman states, that Dupont had not been shot ; but that he is now residing within a few leagues of Paris.

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*Richmond, Oct. 2.*

*On the 4th inst. a fire broke out at Hermigate, the seat of Col. Mayo, about a mile from town. The buildings were all saved except that in which the fire originated. The loss is between 3 and 4000 dollars. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.*

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Captain Harrison, of the *schr. Hazard* arrived on Thursday last from Kingston, Jam. informs that all the prisoners taken on Miranda's expedition, and who had not yet been previously liberated, were set at liberty by the new government of the Spanish Main, and that six of them had arrived at Jamaica. All others imprisoned under the old government were likewise discharged.

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A gentleman arrived from Washington informs us, that Brown, the collector, who eloped from New-Orleans, has arrived at the seat of government from England, as a prisoner probably.

*Col.*



*Singular combat with a Bear.*

On Friday the 21st instant, [September] two lads by the name of David and Samuel Morse, of Concord, Vt. one of whom was aged 13 years, the other 16, went for the purpose of helping to kill a bear, which was caught in a trap. When within a short distance of the bear, it extricated itself from the trap, and closed in with the oldest lad, who brought the bear under him as he fell. The other youth with that true courage which characterises the "Green Mountain Boys," willing to share the danger with his brother, caught the bear's head and confined it to the ground with his hands, having no weapon about him. This alarming scene being in sight of Mr. Morse's house, the mother of the lads flew to their assistance, caught the trap, which in her cool moments she would have been totally unable to manage, and with the first blow beat out the bear's eye, and then drove the spring of the trap into his mouth, and held it in that position until Mr. Carruth and Mr. Hamilton arrived and dispatched him. In the ~~wrestle~~ with the bear, he caught the youth's right hand in his mouth, which very considerably wounded

him. No other injury was sustained. So striking an instance of preservation, by the judicious effort of true courage, probably has not occurred since the settlement of this state.

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The following definitions of Spanish words, lately frequent in the newspapers, are taken from the Spanish Dictionary of the Royal Academy :—

*Merino, s. m.*—The chief judge of a sheep walk invested with an ample power. Latin, *Merinos*.

*Merino*—He who superintends the sheep and pastures.

*Merino, adj.*—Applied to the sheep driven to other pastures.

*Merindad*—The territory in which the judge of the sheep-walks superintends.

*Trasbumante*—Sheep driven from a sheep-walk, or pasture to another. Emigrating sheep.

*Cabana*—A flock of ewes, or breeding sheep.

*Mayoral*—The head Shepherd, or principal herd.

*Paular*—The proper name of a place in Estremadura.

*Note.*—There are in Estremadura [Spain] two kinds of sheep called *estante*, [stationary] and *trasbумante*, [traveling, or Merino.] A creditable Spanish writer, says, that, that province had in the 16th century, more than thirty millions of the former, and seven millions of the latter ; and that, like every thing else really valuable in the peninsula, they had already diminished to less than half that number, about the middle of the last century. So much for the gold and silver mines of South America.

It is somewhat surprising, that among the patriotic undertakings of our merchants, no one should have thought of benefitting himself and his country, by the importation of a number of the famous Andalusian breed of horses. Cadiz may probably yet offer an opportunity to repair such an inadvertency to those who should feel inclined to make so meritorious an experiment.

The celebrated *John Horne Tooke*, we learn from the English papers, was much recovered in his health ; having been able to walk into his garden. He entered his 75th year, on the 6th of July ; and perhaps it is too late in the evening

of his life, for us to expect the supplementary treatise, which he has conditionally promised, to correct metaphysical nonsense. But, go when he may, conclude his labours when he will, his monument will endure till eternity, his genius be admired, his persecutions compassionated, his firmness extolled, his virtues imitated, his memory blessed. *Col.*

We are happy to learn that the fire at Alexandria was not so great as was at first apprehended. The account from Alexandria is not of such aggravated calamity as had been reported.

The Secretary of state and Secretary of the navy, are already at the seat of government. The president is expected on the first of October.

The *Hornet*, sloop of war, does not return from Europe till about the middle of October

An evidence in court speaking in a very harsh and sound voice, the lawyer employed on the other side exclaimed in an angry manner, 'Fellow, why dost thou bark so furiously?' 'Because,' replied the rustic, 'I thinks I sees a thief.'

*On the collar of Mrs. Dingley's lap-dog.*

Pray steal me not—I'm Mrs. Dingley's  
Whose heart in this four footed thing  
lies

## MUSICAL ACADEMY.

FOR teaching various kinds of Musical, Wind and String Instruments, in a short, true, and comprehensive manner as will be most advantageous to learn as above specified, and render themselves capable of enjoying the pleasure of this art, on moderate terms, by  
**JAMES H. HOFFMAN,**  
 No 51, Anthony-Street.

Also, Military Bands, may, upon application as above, be taught correctly, and receive the true method for any inspection to complete the same- Oct 13

Free and Easy.

Sir,

The favor of your company is requested at *Richard Ford's* Large Room, No. 12, *Rosevelt Street*, to attend a *Convivial Society*, on Monday Evening next.

Mr.

In the Chair.

## MARRIED,

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, John Archer, Esq. to the amiable Miss Sophia Pool, both of this city.

On Thursday last, at Burlington, N. J. Mr. Isaac Collins, Jun. of the house of Mott and Collins, of this city, to Miss Margaret Morris of the former place.

## DIED,

At Georgetown, Col. William Augustine Washington, in the 53d year of his age.

At Philadelphia, Mr. William W. Wands, printer.

In Paris, Madam Recamier, equally celebrated for the beauty of her person, symmetry of form, superior taste, and amiability of character.

At Middle-river Neck, Maryland, Geo. G. Presbury, esq.

Departed this life, on the 30th of July last, at the house of Judge Hallick, at the English settlement of Atakapas, Mississippi territory, Capt. Pascal S. Blagge, son of John Blagge, esq. of this city—a most amiable young gentleman.

At Naples, on the 19th June, in the 70th year of his age, the right Rev. Luke Concannon.

In Lynn, Mass. on the 24th ult. Capt William P Kantisher, a native of England, and for 6 years master of the Poor house in that town.

In Boston, Rachel, wife of M. M. Hays, aged 71. To be entombed at Newport.

In Salem, Mass. Wm. Howe, aged 61. He died suddenly in the act of changing his cloaths upon the bench of the sail lift of Mr Nicholas Lane, in whose service he had been 29 years; He was from the West of England.





"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

(SELECTED.)

*The two Lillies, the Florist and Bear*

THE Summer's pleasing season now is  
past,  
And Autumn chills us with his rigid  
blast ;  
Let us reflect what prudence we have  
learn'd,  
What wisdom in the summer month's  
discern'd ;  
I've heard a tragic tale, tho' grief re-  
main,  
Yet if we learn discretion, that is gain.  
Two Lillies of the fairest virgin hue,  
In the same vale, nigh to each other  
grew ;  
One gave her beauties to the blaze of  
day,  
From the bold gaze the other turn'd  
away.  
And if a savage chanced to pass,  
Would veil her beauties in surrounding  
grass.

Thro' this same vale, one most unhappy  
day,  
A lordly Bear, slow sauntering found  
his way ;  
The forward flower, impatient to be  
seen,  
Display'd the beauties of her shape and  
mien,

Turn'd on her stem, to meet his haughty  
eyes,  
And bade the sweetest gales of fra-  
grance rise.  
A leaf he crop'd, but scarcely own'd  
'twas sweet,  
Then trod the beauteous flower beneath  
his feet ;  
Warn'd by her sister's fate, the living  
flower  
Grew still more cautious each succeeding  
hour,  
And if a brutal creature came in sight,  
Would close her leaves, and veil her  
beauties quite.  
At last a Florist came, the meads to  
trace,  
True friend to flowers, and guardian of  
their race ;  
She heard his honest fame, in wisper-  
ing gales,  
Which bore the fragrance of the blos-  
som'd vales ;  
'Tis true, each bee, each bird, each in-  
sect said,  
Who on the sweetness of his garden fed  
As gaily he drew nigh with looks serene,  
The flower, tho' modest, ventur'd to be  
seen.  
With gentle touch, and gentle breath its  
hue,  
Partly her beauties met his raptur'd  
view.  
Her lovely colour beaming on his sight,  
Her fragrance filled his sense with keen  
delight.  
With gentlest hand he rear'd her tender  
head ;  
And soon transplanted to his choicest  
bed ;  
Where nurs'd by all his cares, by days  
and hours,  
She fill'd his garden with the sweetest  
flowers.  
Ye LILIES sweet, of fair COLUM-  
BIA'S vale,  
Learn safe instruction from this Moral  
Tale ;

Let modest caution always be your care,  
And tho' you love a FLORIST, shun a  
BEAR.

*Quere—By another hand.*

Ye who instruction for our youth pre-  
pare,  
How shall we know the *Florist* from the  
*Bear*?  
Sweet winning smiles may hide a sav-  
age heart,  
And virtue's guise to vice its form im-  
part.

M. W.

### THE URCHIN.

In the dead of the night, when with la-  
bor opprest,  
All mortals enjoy the calm blessing of  
rest,  
Cupid knock'd at my window, disturb-  
ing my ease,  
Who's there? I demanded—Begone if  
you please.

He answer'd so meekly, so modest and  
mild,  
'Dear ma'am it is I, an unfortunate  
child;  
'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the  
skin;  
I have lost my way ma'am, so pray let  
me in.'

No sooner from wet, and from cold he  
got ease,  
Then taking his bow, he cry'd 'Ma'am,  
if you please,  
If you please, ma'am, I would by ex-  
periment know,  
If the rain has damaged the string of  
my bow.'

Then away skipp'd the Urchin, as brisk  
as a bee,  
And, laughing, 'I wish you much joy  
ma'am,' said he,  
'My bow is undamag'd, for true went  
my dart,  
But you will have trouble enough with  
your heart.'

### THE ORPHAN'S COMPLAINT.

TELL me not of Nature's treasures,  
Verdant fields, and azure skies;  
Lost to me are all those pleasures,  
Which her happy children prize.  
Yon fragrant bud, the garden's pride,  
Expands to hail the genial day;  
Torn from its parent's fostering side,  
It withers, droops and dies away.

Friendship may, with charms inviting,  
Lull my cares awhile to rest:  
And, in Sympathy delighting,  
Fill with bliss my youthful breast,  
Love may spread his tempting snares,  
And my simple heart beguile:  
But all these simple pleasures change to  
cares,  
Unsanction'd by a parent's smile.

*On a Pale Woman.*

Whence comes it, that in Clara's face  
The lily has only its place?  
Is it that the absent rose  
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

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